Pastels and Lace

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by KagomeBenihime

Summary

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"Will, come on!" Beverly whined, "You said you would wear the-"
"Skirt!" Will cried, "I said skirt! You said nothing about a MINI skirt complete with shirt, stockings, heels and MAKE-UP!"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

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"Skirt!" Will cried, "I said skirt! You said nothing about a MINI skirt complete with shirt, stockings, heels and MAKE-UP!"

Will and Team Sassy Science had made a bet while drinking a while back, Will had lost and Beverly said that their payment would come soon.

That was two weeks ago, and here the trio was, on Will's doorstep, holding up a cluster of shopping bags and grinning at him.

"I can't today anyways," Will said, pinching the bridge of his nose "I have an appointment with Han-"

The three didn't let him finish, they herded him inside and quickly set to work.

"This is happening, Will." Beverly said, "unless you would rather do it before a meeting with Jack."

Will sighed and relented, at least with Hannibal, he would get a chance to explain, if it was Jack, screaming would be all of it.

"Ok," Beverly said, grinning, "the trick to the heels is-"

"I know how to walk in heels." Will said, making them all stare at him. "What? I had to pay for college somehow."

Beverly was first to shake it off and keep working, the others followed.

Will silently vowed revenge.

Hannibal heard hurried footsteps and a door close, he looked up curiously at the clock. It was almost time for Will's appointment, but those didn't sound like Will's footsteps…

Hannibal moved to the door, opening it silently.

A young woman stood facing away from him, she was in a pastel colored plaid skirt that was partway to her knees, a white collar shirt with small puffy sleeves, they had sheer pale pink stockings with lace topping them and blue high heels.

"May I help y-" Hannibal started, the words died in his mouth when they turned, and he was face to face with a clean shaven *make-up wearing* Will Graham.

"I'm sorry, Hannibal." Will said quickly, blushing hotly, "I lost a bet and I couldn't-"

Hannibal wasn't listening, he would kick himself for being rude, but… he couldn't take his eyes off of Will.

Hannibal managed to mutely step aside and gesture Will in.

Will came in quickly, obviously agitated, but walking extremely well, given he was in heels.

The height of which making Will almost at Hannibal's eye level.

Will was explaining about the bet and how he had to wear this all day and how he was so sorry Hannibal had to see him like this and-

Wills skirt brushed over the table top, knocking a stack of papers off.

"God dammit," Will muttered, bending to pick them up, "I'm sorry, God I am a mess today!"

Hannibal's mouth went dry, Will's skirt was short enough that when he bent to get the papers, Hannibal got a full view of Will's plump ass, which was covered in a pair of pink silk panties, black lace circled the top of the garment and wrapped around the bottom of each cheek, making the already tantalizing view that much plumper and more delicious.

Before he really realized what he was doing, Hannibal had grabbed Will by the hips, pushing him against the desk so he was laying across the top.

"H-Hannibal?" Will almost yelped, looking back at the psychiatrist with wide eyes.

"So beautiful…" Hannibal murmured softly, his hand stroked over the stockings and up to the lace of the panties, making Will shiver. "You're so beautiful Will… so tempting and you don't even realize it…"

Will whimpered softly as Hannibal’s hands ran over him under the skirt, tracing the lace and the skin of his thighs. Will realized with a shock, that he was getting hard, he closed his eyes tight and tried to will it away before Hannibal noticed.

Hannibal's hand moved to the front of the now tented skirt and chuckled softly, "Getting excited, Will?" He asked, stroking gently over his cock and making it twitch, "do you like being praised? Told how beautiful you are?"

Will moaned softly, his fingernails scratching at the wood slightly as he tried to keep his reaction small.

Hannibal smiled, he knew how touch starved Will was, it only made sense that he would be love starved too. "Will… why are you trying to hide?" He asked softly, stroking Will's cock through the panties, making a strangely smooth sensation that had Will whimpering. "I don't want to hurt you… I want you to feel loved."

Will gasped softly at the words, his body stiffened slightly, but Hannibal bent and kissed along Will’s neck gently and the tension left Will's shoulders.

Hannibal smiled softly, "Good boy…" he murmured into Will’s ear, smirking as a blush rushed over it. "You want to be good for me, don't you…"

Will moaned, whispering into his arms as he hid his face in them.

Hannibal slipped a hand around Will’s neck and pulled Will back against his chest, pressing his own hard and leaking cock against Will's ass as he did, "What did you say, Will?" He asked softly, feeling Will’s adam's apple jump slightly under his fingers, "Say it again."

Will whimpered softly, "Y-Yes, daddy…" he whispered, "I wanna be good…"

Hannibal felt a feral lust rush through him at the word 'daddy', he pressed against Will's back, bending him quickly over the desk again as he moved the hand on his throat up, sliding two fingers into Will’s mouth.

Will moaned, closing his painted lips around them and sucking, licking at the fingers in a way that told Hannibal that Will would do wonders with that tongue.

Hannibal quickly opened his pants and lifted the skirt, shifting the panties to the side, freeing Will’s cock and pressing his own to Will’s hole, spreading precum around quickly before pushing a finger inside.

Will moaned around the fingers, his back arching as he tried to take the finger deeper, his hole clenching tightly before quickly relaxing.

"You're doing so well…" Hannibal murmured, sliding in a second finger, "have you fingered yourself before, Will? Did you pleasure yourself while thinking about me?"

Will nodded quickly, sucking the fingers still in his mouth.

"So good, being honest." Hannibal purred, crooking his fingers to rub Will’s prostate gently and making Will jump with a loud moan.

Will panted softly, trying to lick and suck the fingers as he shifted his hips slowly.

"Look at you…" Hannibal said, "Trying to fuck yourself on my fingers like a little slut…" he chuckled as Will shivered. "You like that, Will? You want to be daddy's little slut?"

Will nodded quickly, moaning out what could have been a "please"

"Now now," Hannibal tisked, "You shouldn't talk with your mouth full." He pulled the fingers out of Will's mouth slowly.

Will whines softly, trying to chase them with his tongue before collapsing back on the desk, "Yes…" he whispered, "I wanna be daddy's slut…"

Hannibal pulled his fingers out of Will's perfect ass and quickly replaced them with his cock.

Will arched with a loud moan, drool glistening on his chin from the fingers before as he tried to push back, take him more.

"Stop." Hannibal said softly, Will stilled immediately, making Hannibal smile, "You will take what I give you, alright?"

Will nodded slightly, panting softly.

"Is there something you want, dear boy?" Hannibal asked softly, "Tell me."

Will whined softly, "m-more…" he managed softly, "I can take it… P-please…"

Hannibal nodded, "Good boy," he praised, "I know you have trouble voicing your own wants… let's give you a reward." With that, Hannibal slammed in, fucking Will over the desk quickly and efficiently, taking Will apart with perfectly aimed thrusts to his prostate.

Will was moaning non-stop at this point, gripping at the opposite side of the desk for some form of anchor, "Daddy!" He cried, "Daddy! I'm gonna-!"

Hannibal reached forward and stroked Will's cock, it only took two strokes before Will came with a scream, clenching around Hannibal like a vice again and again until Hannibal himself came, milked dry by Will's tight ass.

Will was boneless, slumped on the desk in a post-coital bliss. Hannibal smiled softly, gathering Will in his arms and carrying the smaller man to the chaise and laid down with him, stroking Will's hair gently as he murmured softly about how good he was and what a wonderful job he had done.

Will never returned the outfit to Beverly, she honestly expected he had burned it after his embarrassing day. But she did notice how Will and Hannibal seemed much closer than before, and she only knew of one person who could afford the box of imported chocolates she had received with an unsigned Thank You card. She smiled, "I guess I should make him lose bets more often…"

End Notes

This story inspired an AMAZING artwork by Algedi!
https://twitter.com/algedigoth/status/1573353390591156226?t=YZCjnnviChW_FpZfPSclDQ&s=08

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